THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

AN INCIDENT OF THE PARIS SIEGE.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON, IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

I.

"GARCON!—You—*you*,
Snared along with this cursed crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
—Scarcely as much as ten years old)
—Do you hear? Do you know
Why the *gendarmes* put you there, in the row—
You—with those Commune wretches tall,
With face to the wall?"

II.

"'Know?'—To be sure I know! Why not?
We're here to be shot.
And there by the pillar's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell.
—Ah, well!
That's just the way I would choose to fall.
With my *back* to the wall!"

III.

"(*Sacre!*—Fair, open fight, I say,
Is right magnificent in its way,
And fine for warming the blood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Bah! 'Tis a butcher's business.)—*How?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now;
I knew his poor child's heart would fail:
—Yet his cheek's not pale.)
—Quick! Say your say; for don't you see,
When the church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
You're all to be shot?
—*What?*
'*Excuse you one moment?*' O ho, ho!
D' ye think to fool a *National* so?"

IV.

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day.
—My father's friend, just over the way—
Lent me; and if you'll let me free,
(It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*,)
I'll come, on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

V.

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
Now, good Saint Martin, speed him on!
The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
For I hardly think I could have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard
Me give the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die."

VI.

"*In time!*—Well, thanks that my desire
Was granted; and now I'm ready. Fire!
—One word; that's all:
You'll let me turn my back to the wall!"

VII.

"*Parbleu!*—Come out of the line, I say!
Come out!—(Who said that his name was *Ney?*
Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!")

AT FREDERICKSBURG.

DECEMBER 13, 1862.

Gen. St. Clair A. Mulholland in Philadelphia Times.

On the evening of November 17 the head of our column struck the river near the old Virginia town of Falmouth. On the opposite bank we could see a battery of four guns, which promptly opened upon us. General Sumner ordered Pettitt's battery to the front, and in just eight minutes from the time that Pettitt fired his first shot the gray-backs had closed up shop and retired from business. Their four guns stood silenced and abandoned. Sumner, whose seventy-two years had not dampened the ardor of youth, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, called for troops to ford the river, seize the guns and occupy the city. The Irish brigade had bivouacked in a field near by and were cooking coffee and resting after a hard day's march, but in three minutes after receiving the order the brigade was going to the river at a run. Then Sumner, remembering that he had orders not to cross, and, being too old a soldier to disobey, stopped the movement and sent back to General Burnside, asking permission to occupy the city, and the answer came, a peremptory "No!" So we were compelled to look at the prize without grasping it. Why we did not cross the river and push on for Richmond has been often told: blundering by somebody and no pontoons. A general feeling prevailed that the year's campaign was ended and winter quarters were next in order. The pine-covered hills and undulating slopes of meadow-land, broken up by running brooks and rippling streams, furnished the most inviting sites for pleasant camps, and soon the dark woods were lit up by camp-fires. Camp-fires, fifty feet long—whole trees cut down, piled up and forever kept cheerfully crackling and burning—around which the whole company would gather, and with their faces raddy with the pleasant glow, spend the long evenings in uproarious fun, the day being filled up with marching, drilling, inspection and reviews without limit. Thus passed the three most agreeable weeks I ever remember in the army. By and by the pontoons arrived, but too late. Lee and Jackson and Longstreet had also put in an appearance, and from the bluffs we could see them busy, very busy, indeed. Every day gave us new evidence of their industry. Every hour saw new earthworks rising in our front; redoubts, lunettes, and bastioned forts, rifle-pits, epaulements for the protection of artillery arose in rapid succession until the terraced heights, which ran parallel to the city and two miles below and nearly a mile in the rear of it, were covered with artillery, bristling with bayonets, and so formidable as to make an attempt to carry the place an act of insanity. The coming fight was to be an assault upon an entrenched position rather than an open battle.

Some time about the first week in December a council of war was held at headquarters, at which General Burnside and the grand division and corps commanders were present. It is difficult at this day to tell just what was determined at this council, but it is evident, however, that a flank movement by way of Skenker's Neck, twelve miles below the city, was discussed and determined upon and the council adjourned, believing this to be the programme. A few days after this General Burnside sent for one of the corps commanders and invited him to ride with him along the high bluffs, Spofford Heights, that skirted the river in front of the city. He then told him that he (Burnside) had determined to change the order of battle and to cross and fight at the city, and gave as one of his reasons that Colonel Hunt had called his attention to the excellent opportunity that Spofford Heights offered for the employment of all our artillery. The general officer in question, after being warned by General Burnside not to communicate the fact of the change to any one, left him with a sinking heart and dark forebodings of the coming storm.

The night of December 10 found us in motion. The roads leading to the front were filled with troops, in silence marching to the fray, camps deserted, the camp fires burning dim, the woods pouring out their thousands, every one, everything moving towards the river, the infantry massing in rear of the bluffs by the stream, and the chief of artillery, Colonel Hunt, covering those heights with one hundred and forty-seven cannon. The pontooners were hurrying the boats, planks, and bridge material to the water's edge.

Working rapidly, swiftly, but so noiselessly that those within one hundred yards of the enemy's pickets, who were lined on the opposite shore, were not heard; the pontoons were brought down and quietly let into the water, great piles of planking arose, a multitude of spectral men were hurrying to and fro, cannon was got into position, more than one hundred thousand cavalry and infantry massed at hand. Yet no confusion, no clashing, so perfect the discipline; the silence so profound, no sound save the lapping of the waves on the prow of the pontoons, the moaning of the wind in the forest trees. The night wore on. Two regiments of engineers, the Seventeenth and Twentieth New York, stood prepared to build the bridges, and two regiments of Hancock's division, the Fifty-seventh New York, Colonel Chapman, and the Sixty-sixth New York, Colonel Bull, were on hand to cover and support them. Towards dawn the work began—swiftly fastening the boats to the bank, getting others in position, lashing them together, putting down the planking, so the work, for a few minutes, went on: then the sharp crack of a rifle broke the stillness of the night, a pontooner dropped his burden, fell forward into the dark, cold water, and went floating down with the tide, the first victim, the first corpse of the fight; then more shots and balls went whistling through the fog. Then two loud reports of heavy ordnance peal from Marye's Heights, echo along the Valley of the Rappahannock, reverberate among the hills, the signal for the concentration of the Army of Northern Virginia; the battle of Fredericksburg begins. The firing becomes heavier, volleys of musketry, the rifle balls rattle on the flanks and the boats are riddled. Many, very many, of the pontooners fall and go floating away.

It is so dark and the fog so dense that we can see but a few yards from the edge of the shore. Men go out on the bridge in the darkness and never return. The fire is hot and deadly, but the men stick to their work most gallantly; but every moment the numbers of the artificers become less. Bull and Chapman return the fire, but they shoot at random and into the dark, while the enemy know by the sound of the bridge building where to throw their iron. Colonel Bull falls mortally wounded, and the losses are so great that the engineers fall back and for a time give up the attempt. Again they try it and again they fail, and a third time they rush at the work but find it an impossibility to continue, and the brave little band falls back, leaving the bridge half finished, slippery and saturated with blood. Then daylight is upon us. The work must be pushed. The bridge must be finished. The riflemen that checked our work must be driven out of their shelter, and for that purpose General Burnside decides upon treating us to one of those rare and magnificently grand spectacles of war, the bombardment of a city, so the order went forth to batter down the town, and about ten o'clock our twenty-nine batteries, one hundred and forty-seven guns, opened fire. Then for an hour or two the fire was incessant, the sharp crack of the rifled guns, the heavy boom of the larger ordnance mingled with the echoes from the woods and hills until we could no longer distinguish separate sounds, and the roar became continuous; clouds of sulphurous smoke rolled back from the massed artillery, the air became loaded, suffocating, with the odor of gunpowder.

The fog still lay heavy on the river; the water margins and the low lands and the city were almost hidden from our view. One of the church spires shot up through the mist, glittering in the morning sun, and a few of the tallest chimneys and buildings struggled into sight. Tons of iron were hurled into the town; shells, solid shot, shrapnel, and canister raked and swept the streets. We could not see yet. We could hear the walls crumbling and timbers crashing; then a pillar of smoke rose up above the fog; another and another, increasing in density and volume, rose skyward and canopied the doomed city like a pall. Flames leaped high out of the mist—the city was on fire. Again the engineers make an attempt to finish the bridge, but they find Barksdale with his Mississippians still at their posts and their fire still as accurate, and the effort is finally abandoned.

Then Colonel Hunt drops an idea that a party be sent over in open pontoon boats to drive the sharpshooters from the opposite shore. Strange that the simple device was not thought of before. Historic examples to suggest it were plenty. So late as 1799 this was successfully employed by Massenna in the passage of the Limmat, where the bridges and boats were started simultaneously and in three minutes from starting six hundred French troops were landed, had captured the enemy's pickets, and the bridge was then finished without further molestation. But better late than never. A dozen of the boats lie by the river band and plenty of volunteers are ready to man them. The Seventh Michigan and Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusttes rush down the steep bank, launch the boats and are off. The oarsmen pull lustily, the Southern marksmen redouble their fire, many in the boats are killed and wounded, but in a few minutes the shore is reached, our boys, leaping out, form in line, and dashing through the smoke and fire drive the sharpshooters from their shelter. Soon more boat-loads of our men come over, the river front is in our possession and the work of building the bridges progresses to completion. But we have not yet captured the city. The first troops that cross over the bridges thus constructed had to fight for every foot of ground, and it was not until dark and after a sharp contest through streets, lanes, and alleys, met at every step by the fire of Barksdale's men from windows, roofs, and every available point, that our line finally halted for the night on Carolina street. The dead were everywhere, in the street, on the cellar-doors, in the yards of the houses, in the gardens by the river. Some few of the citizens had remained during the bombardment, taking [illegible] he cellars, and two of them were k[illegible] named Jacob Grotz and a negro [illegible] the left, where Franklin was to cros[illegible] below the city, but little difficulty h[illegible] and he had finished his bridges ear[illegible]ning.

It was now more [illegible] hours since the signal gun of Genera[illegible] ned his divided army to concentrate [illegible]le hope of success on the part of [illegible] aside rested on being able to cross t[illegible]rce and take the enemy by surprise, [illegible]: as though our cause had already s[illegible]avy blow in this unfortunate delay. [illegible]w were precious, yet the whole nigh[illegible] was suffered to pass without a mov[illegible], and our troops did not begin crossi[illegible]atil the morning of the 12th, and b[illegible] of that day the grand division of S[illegible] crossed into the city and that of Fra[illegible]ssed on the lower bridges. It was n[illegible] hours since the movement against[illegible]urg began, giving General Lee a[illegible]o get his corps together, destroyin[illegible] that might have existed in General[illegible]an of attack and rendering it absol[illegible]e. Owing to the delay in forcing th[illegible] the river the enterprise had been[illegible]s only hope, and our failure was con[illegible]ly alternative, to withdraw the arm[illegible]entirely new plan of battle.

To retire was n[illegible]f, fight we must; the evil genius o[illegible]rnside seemed to irresistibly beckon[illegible]lestruction. The silver lining of the[illegible]as gathering over us was a suggestio[illegible]ted with General Franklin: That t[illegible]ld be fought on the left; that a c[illegible]ty or forty thousand men should [illegible]d at daylight on the morning of th[illegible] the main assault on the Confedera[illegible] this body. This idea had no doubt[illegible] to General Sumner, for during th[illegible] this day he had directed General [illegible]uild bridges over Hazel run, a creel[illegible]etween our right and left wings. [illegible]n for this move- ment General Burn[illegible]he left at 5). m. and discussed with [illegible]nklin, Smith, and Reynolds this ord[illegible]nd at dark left them with the fu[illegible]ling that it was adopted by him, pr[illegible]nd the orders for carrying it into ex[illegible]e midnight, thus giving time enoug[illegible] Franklin to get troops into position[illegible] night. Had this attack in Franklin[illegible]a carried out it would most likely h[illegible]cessful, and General Burnside would[illegible]lown to posterity as a great general;[illegible]ot to be, and, instead of pushing the[illegible]or the only move- ment that contained[illegible]e. General Burnside went back to[illegible]ters and went to bed, leaving Frankl[illegible]d Reynolds anxiously waiting the[illegible] were to insure a victory—and how p[illegible]waited together with their respecti[illegible]ng up all night, thinking, wonderin[illegible] conceive what important event mu[illegible]pened to prevent the arrival of the ex[illegible]s.

In the city the tro[illegible]ed in the streets. Sleep was impossibl[illegible]old and chilly. Groups of officers oc[illegible]lors of the fashionable residences, s[illegible]ight in song and story, and Reb pianos played accompaniment to "Hail Columbia" and the "Star-Spangled Banner." Fires still lit up portions of the town, the firmament was aglow with a magnificent aurora borealis, the artillery strove to rival the glories of nature and illumined the sky with scores of shells whose trailing fuses filled the air with streams of light. The long hours slipped away, morning came, and at 7.30 o'clock General Hardie handed to Franklin orders for a new plan of battle—not which was discussed and determined upon the night before, but the most remarkable, incongruous, disjointed plan of action, with the least possible hope of success, that ever emanated from the brain of a commander. "That Franklin should keep his whole command in position for a rapid movement down the old Richmond road. That he should send out a division, at least, to seize the heights at Captain Hamilton's, on the extreme right of the enemy's line. He also orders another column of a division or more from the command of General Sumner to seize the heights in the rear of the town." Two isolated attacks, by light columns, on distant positions, rendered almost impregnable and held by the flower of the rebel army.

Franklin selected the Pennsylvania Reserves for the almost superhuman task, and for the reason that that division at the moment lay nearest the point of attack. General Meade, their commander, was one of the most discreet and able officers in the service, and the division was one of the most reliable, and indeed, for other reasons, the selection was most admirable. The line of march to reach the heights to be carried was across a level plain, over which hung a thick haze; the Reserves had been encamped here for some time the year before, when attached to McDowell's forces, and knew every inch of the ground to be marched over and fought for. So, having got his instructions, Meade started the division into the fog and into a fight that was to cover with glory himself and his command, though at the cost of nearly half their number—the objective point, the heights at Hamilton's, in a direct line two miles away. The division was formed with the First brigade on the right, the Third on the left, and the Second in support. Hardly had the march commenced when the enemy began firing; although they could not see our lines, yet they seemed to feel that something was going on; solid shot and shells went flying over the fog-shrouded plain. Meade rode along the lines giving words of encouragement to each regiment. As he passed Colonel McCandless he said, alluding to a possible promotion: "A star this morning, William;" to which McCandless replied: "More likely a wooden overcoat;" then a shell passed through the horse ridden by McCandless, and he did the rest of his fighting for that day on foot. And so for a half hour the march went on; then young Major Pelham, of Stewart's horse artillery, from a point on the Port Royal road, opened a telling fire on Meade's left flank, enfilading his whole line, and becoming so annoying as to cause him to pause. The line halts, and the four light batteries of the Reserves return Pelham's fire, and so vigorously as to cause his sudden withdrawal. Stewart, with his cavalry, makes threatening demonstrations, and General Doubleday is deployed on Meade's left to check him.

Franklin instructs Gibbon to support Meade's right, and again the column moves forward. To meet the attack, General Lee has arranged Jackson's corps in the woods at Hamilton's, with A. P. Hill's division in front, Early's and Taliaferro's divisions composing the second line, and D. N. Hill's division in reserve. The division of A. P. Hill forming the advanced line, was composed of the brigades of Archer, Lane and Pender, with the brigades of Gregg and Thomas directly in their rear. As Meade neared the enemy's lines the fog suddenly lifted, giving the Confederate artillerists a clear view of our advancing lines. Three batteries—those of Wooder, Braxton, and Carpenter—that had been pushed out on the skirmish line in front of Lane's brigade, and the five batteries of Lieutenant-Colonel Walker's command opened on our ranks, using shell and canister, damaging our alignment considerably; but Meade pushes on, the four light batteries of the Reserves reply energetically. General Smith (Baldy), seeing the trouble from afar, directs the fire of his Sixth Corps guns upon the three batteries first-named, and compels their withdrawal. The cloud of skirmishers that cover our advance strikes and drives in those of the Confederates.

The battle waxes hot, but Meade, oblivious to the roar, impetuously pushes on; with a great crash our infantry strike that of the enemy; the fighting for a few moments is extremely earnest. Our men vie with each other in acts of noble daring. Many prisoners are taken and one regiment—the Nineteenth Georgia—is captured entire, Corporal Jacob Carl, of the Seventh Reserves, tearing from the hands of the color-bearer the flag of that regiment. Our men drive Lane's brigade back across the railroad into the woods, and crushing through the interval between the brigades of Archer and Pender flank both their lines and compel them to fall back, then up the wooded crest with a rush so sudden that General Maxey Gregg, the Confederate commander on the second line, cannot believe that the advancing troops is the Union line, and falls dead while trying to prevent his South Carolinians from firing upon us. But his men pour a withering fire into our line. At this moment the divisions of Generals Early and Taliaferro sweep forward at a double quick, striking Meade with irresistible force and overpowering numbers, enveloping his flanks and endangering his whole command. The situation becomes most critical, the surroundings awfully grand. The woods echo and re-echo every shot until the roar is appalling. Great shells go screaming through the forest, cutting down giant trees, and the crash of the falling timber adds to the deafening sound. In the midst of the tumult the Reserves fall back and are soon out again on the open plain. In one short hour our men had known both the thrilling ecstacies of victory and disastrous defeat. Meade halted after recrossing the railroad and reformed the division, but he was not allowed much time to rest. Early pushed after him and the brigades of Atkinson and Hoke struck with vigor at the shattered ranks, forcing him to fall back rapidly and with some confusion. Franklin, foreseeing the difficulty, had ordered Birney's division to the front, and just in time he arrived to check the advancing enemy and save what was left of the Reserves.

While Meade was moving on Hamilton's the troops in the city were prepared to strike. Under arms, listening to the sounds of the fight on the left, and waiting patiently for their turn to share in the strife, General Thomas Francis Meagher, mounted and surrounded by his staff, addressed each regiment of his (the Irish) brigade, and in burning, eloquent words besought the men to uphold in the coming struggle the military prestige and glory of their native land. Then green boxwood was culled from a garden near and Meagher placed a sprig in his Irish cap. Every officer and man followed his example, and soon great bunches of the fragrant shrub adorned the caps of every one. Wreaths were made and hung upon the tattered flags, and the national color of the Emerald Isle blended in fair harmony with the red, white and blue of the Republic. At noon, Meade not having yet reached Hamilton's, General Couch ordered French and Hancock to the assault. French moved first, closely followed by the superb. As we wheeled into the streets leading towards the enemy we were in full view of the frowning heights, and the march of death began. Nearly a mile away arose the position that we were expected to carry, and though not yet clear of the city we felt the pressure of the foe, the fire of whose batteries concentrated to crush the heads of our column as they debouched upon the plain. Solid shot, fired with light charges, ricochetted on the frozen ground, caromed on the pavement and went tearing through the ranks, traversing the entire length of the streets, bounding over the river to be buried in the opposite bluff.

Shells began dropping with destructive effect. One striking in the Eighty-eighth New York placed eighteen men *hors du combat*. I will ever remember the first one that burst in my regiment—wounding the colonel, cutting off the head of Sergeant Marley, and killing two or three others. I was struck by the instantaneousness of the deaths. The column had halted for a moment, a sharp report, a puff of smoke, and three or four men lay stark dead, their faces calm, their eyes mild and life-like, lips unmoved, no sign of pain or indication of suffering. Marley had not fallen, but dropped upon his knees, his musket clasped in both hands and resting upon the ground. After getting into the open and crossing a mill-race a rise in the ground hid us from the enemy, giving an opportunity to dress the ranks and prepare the column of attack, which was by brigade front, General Kimball's brigade in the lead, followed by those of Colonel J. W. Andrews and Colonel Palmer. Hancock's division came next, with the brigades of Zook, Meagher, and Caldwell in the order named. Here the thought struck me: "How different is the real battle from that which our imagination had pictured. After the reading of our boyhood, with heads filled with Napoleon and his marshals and harrowing tales of gory fields of yore, with what realistic feeling we can see the wild confusion of the storm-swept field—charging cavalry, hurrying artillery, the riderless steeds madly rushing to and fro, their shrill neighing mingling with the groans, screams, and shrieks of the wounded." Here there is no disorder. The men calm, silent, cheerful. The commands of the officers, given in a quiet, subdued voice, are distinctly heard and calmly obeyed. The regiments manœuvre without a flaw.

In this trying moment the guides are ordered out, and the alignment made as perfect as on dress parade. The destruction of human beings is done with order and system. Yet it is terrible enough; the very absence of confusion and excitement but adds to the dreadful intensity of the horror. As for the screams and shrieks, I have never heard anything of that kind either on the field or in the hospitals. It may be that the soldiers of other nations indulge in cries and yells; our men took their punishment without a complaint or a murmur. Just before morning, from this spot one of my young officers, a brave boy from Chester county, Pennsylvania, Lieutenant Seneca G. Willauer, was badly torn by a shell, which stripped the flesh from his thigh and left the bone for four or five inches white and bare. He came to me, and, holding up the bleeding limb for inspection, said, with the most gentle manner and placid voice: "Colonel, do you think that I should go on with my company or go to the hospital?" No doubt had I told him to go on he would have done so. Then the advance is sounded. The orders of the regimental commanders rang out clear on the cold December air. "Right shoulder, shift arms; battalion forward, guide centre, march!" The long lines of bayonets glitter in the bright sunlight. We have no friendly fog, as Meade had, to hide us from our foes, and as we advance up the slope we come in full view of the Army of Northern Virginia. All their batteries open upon us. We can trace their line by the fringe of blue smoke that quickly appears along the base of the hills, and we see that we are marching into an arc of fire. And what a reception awaits us! Fire in our front, from our right and our left. Shells come at us direct and oblique and drop down from above; shells enfilade our lines, burst among us in front, in rear, above and behind us. Shells everywhere; a torrent of shells; a blizzard of shot, shell, and fire. The lines press on steadily. The gaps made in the ranks are quickly closed. The colors often kiss the ground, but are quickly snatched from dead hands and held aloft again by others who soon in their turn will smite the dust. The regimental commanders march out far in advance of their commands, and they, too, fall rapidly, but others run to take their places. Still in good order, we push forward until five hundred yards of the long half mile that lay between us and Marye's Heights is passed, then the sharp whiz of the minnie joins the loud scream of the oblong bolts.

Soon we forget the presence of the shells in the shower of smaller missiles that assail us. The hills rain fire and the men advance with heads bowed as when walking against a hail-storm. Still through the deadly shower the ever-thinning lines press on. The plain over which we have passed is thickly spotted with the men of the Second Corps, dead, in twos and threes and in groups. Regiments and companies have now their third or fourth commander and the colors are borne to the front by the third or fourth gallant soul who has raised them. The gaps in the lines have become so large and so numerous that we have to make continued efforts to close them, and the command "Guide centre" is frequently heard. French nears the entrenchments of the Confederates' first line and the enemy redouble their efforts. The storm rises to greater fury. The struggle is hopeless. His lines wave like corn in a hurricane, recoil, then break, and the shattered mass falls back amid the shouts and cheers of Cobb's and Kershaw's brigades, that line the trenches in our front. Now Hancock, with the division that never lost a gun or a color, sweeps forward, and, being joined by many of the gallant men of French's command, makes the most heroic effort of the day. Passing the furthest point reached by the preceding troops, he impetuously rushes on, passes the brick house so conspicuous on the field—on, on, until his flags wave within twenty-five paces of the fatal stone wall. Then with a murderous fire everywhere around us we realize the full absurdity of the attempt to accomplish an utter impossibility. We had not yet fired a shot. We had only reached the spot where our work was to begin. Forty per cent. of the force had already fallen. No support within three-quarters of a mile. In our front line after line of works followed each other up the terraced heights to the very crest, which was covered with artillery. To carry the assault further would be extreme madness. Should we take and occupy the first line, it would simply be to meet the fire of the second and third. To fight the host in front was not possible. We were here only to be shot down without being able to return the blow. So the division, or rather the half of it that still existed, began falling back; but Hancock would not be driven from the field, and halting where the formation of the ground afforded some shelter to his hard-tried command, he remained until relieved at nightfall. And now the long, long, dreadful afternoon that awaited the thousands wounded, who lay scattered over the sad and ghastly plain.

The only place of cover was the brick house out near the stone wall. To this hundreds of the wounded dragged themselves, and a great mass of sufferers huddled together and struggled to get near the house, that they might escape the fire. All around the great heaps of dead bore testimony to the fierceness of combat. Near by a color sergeant lay stark and cold with the flag of his regiment covering him. Just in front of the stone wall lay a line of men of the Irish brigade, with the green boxwood in their caps, and the two bodies nearest the enemy were those of my beloved friend, Major William Horgan, and Adjutant John R. Young, both of the Eighty-eighth New York. It was not yet one o'clock when the assaulting column retired, and we had nearly five hours to wait for darkness. We heard the clock in the Episcopal church in the city strike the hours that seemed so long. The sharpshooters of the enemy soon got a position from which they could enfilade the house, and when

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